

My confidential purpose in sending you this carbon of my letter to JP is so that, if the occasion raises itself spontaneously or if he discusses it with you, you can help him. He simply won't grow up and be neat and tidy and mature in his relations with others. The last thing he intends is to be abusive, but he simply will not make any effort to do the simplest things that he knows are annoying to other and he knows/are faults. At some point in his personal life this can be ruinous. But if he continues to make even slight problems for me, I'll have no choice but to take more forceful efforts to end it. I can't carry needless burdens. H

He told me you had written BB. Thanks, give you when you were here.

A good dupe of the Frank/Jerry Williams show came from the producer today, too late to give me the quality I need for use in the immediate future, too late to avoid an enormous amount of really excellent, professional work by Robert in the dubbing. Also arrived today was important mail I'll not be able to do anything about for several weeks, which leads me to what I'm writing you about when I'm so busy.

Among the things I forgot is something I want to show you when you are here again, a 2" galvanized steel disk that I think some of your friends may be able to convert to some good and possibly commercial use that is waste for a friend of mine. Like medallions, symbols of various kinds, joke (Nixon Nickles Nixels, etc.)

After you left last night we got a phone call telling us that my stepfather was on the verge of death. He was quite old and had been in poor shape. He died during the night. We heard this morning. We'll now have to go up there, probably not until early a.m., and that will leave me a totl of part of today and Thursday to prepare for a difficult trip, the easiest part of which will be the Frank confrontation. It is not now likely that I'll have time here to audition and identify on them the 24 cassettes Robert and I made. I have the from-the-jail correspondence Chris read to master before I get to the jail, and new correspondence from the same sources this a.m. As you saw, there is a large amount of outside work to do. I will have to let preparations for the trip go now to now the grass so it will be safe for Lil in my absence and so that it will not be hay when I return. On a place this large that is some work. So, I'm loaded, more than usual, which is always too much.

I slept later than usual this a.m. because I may have to do a long XX radio confrontation with Frank beginning 11:30 p.m. our time tonight. I had agreed and I've heard nothing, so while I expect Frank to avoid it, I have to be ready. After breakfast I started cleaning up. And what I find from my good friend Jerry, who is in so many ways so helpful, and who always has this intent, as I know so well, is that, as usual, he left extra work for me, some of which I will have to postpone in a pile until I return.

From now on there are these conditions to the use of any of my file by you, and if Robert, Howard and everyone else can do ~~xxx~~ it, you can and will or you will never touch them again.

You will refile everything personally when you return it. I am not going to clean up after your self-indulgence, and I made this explicit last time you did this. You are the only one who requires this extra service. It is no longer available.

You will not only take a file folder for each file from which you take anything and label it exactly as that file is labeled, but because you are so needlessly sloppy, you will also label each item with the file identification, to avoid error on refiling, a right I reserve for myself and alas, indulge more often than anyone should.

And you will make a list of what you take and check each item on its return.

I am sorry to have to address you this way, especially when I have no time. But this kind of thing is needless, thoughtless, an imposition and worst of all, annoying at a time when I cannot tolerate needless annoyances. Those things that are necessary and can't be avoided are not troubling to me, but when they are utterly needless and without excuse that I can think of, they are. If you do not understand this, from the conversation Robert and I had about 2-3 a.m. Saturday morning, part of which you may have overheard, from his own experience he can give you a lucid explanation.

Jerry, we love you like a son. But unfortunately, you are not a child, and I can't turn you over my knee. So, welcome as you are and will be, and much as we in other ways enjoy your visits and your kindnesses, you are have to make on your are grown up when you are here and use my stuff. The happy day will be when you do not have to make on. This is what I have addressed in the past as getting housebroken. You are well past the age when anyone should have to address you in this manner, and the amount of work doing what I'd asked of you last time when you got this stuff was negligible. All you had to do was mark the files folders. You did identify three reviews. The only other stuff identified was by me, in anticipation of this. The rest I'll now have to read all of to find where it goes, and it is old stuff, from 1966 and perhaps 1967.

While I'm on it, let me address another childishness. Forgive the bluntness, but if you care to give it a different designation, I'll listen. You have known from the first ~~that~~ you could hear the Graham tapes. But you also knew that I had to complete making these dubs. Why did you have to keep nagging me to hear the tapes when you knew it was either impossible or meant that work I felt I had to do would get undone to indulge you? Is it more than an indulgence? You know the conditions are that you are not only not to use the content, but not to discuss the existence of these tapes. Most self-indulgence talks precedence over work that has a deadline and is intended for a specific purpose from which some good may come, work that had to be done then or could not be done?

Under any circumstances, this would be unseemly conduct in one your age. But when you know the anxiety is troubling me, know that I have every reason to anticipate aggravation or if in the immediate future, know that nagging this way is at least bound to be annoying, and had a specific enough answer from me the first time you raised the question, it was what amounts to abuse to continue making the same demand you knew could not be met or thought of until at least after the dubbing was completed.

I have this nervous or emotional problem that is a reality of our lives. You are aware of enough of the pressures we have ^{and} you know this to be a medical fact. You are simply going to have to learn to live with it when you are here, even if it doesn't make sense to you. If you need any fill-in on it, Robert can supply it. Perhaps you, too, have some emotional problem that you can't control that causes you to behave like a baby in such matters (as distinguished from welcome joking and fun). If this is the case, if you can't really grow up and be responsible, you are going to have to make an effort to do it when you are here. No more of this nagging, and no more of my having to wonder about letting you have free access to everything I have whether it will mean another and entirely needless burden. I simply won't have it. I think you should be asking yourself whether there is any reason for it to exist and why you persist after repeated complaints even if you doubt the legitimacy of the complaints.

By now I hope you realize that I have taken this time for a purpose, and that purpose is not to give you hell, warranted as I think that would be. You simply have to finish growing up. Your behavior and way of life ought equal your years and your fine intelligence. And need I add, the world's best intentions? But after all the time you have been coming here, I think it is a shameful reflection, particularly with the deep affection in which she holds you, for Lili to have to feel that she need tell me when she goes to bed to be sure that you don't leave your bag or shoes in the middle of the floor!

Don't just get pissed off. Do a little self-analysis. And on the cause of this new waste of time that I elicit voluntarily, your neglect and laziness or whatever it is with my files, let me give you a basis for comparison on your emotional maturity or your self-discipline. Howard has been coming here since he was, I think, 17. Neither Lili nor I have ever had to walk around after him putting things away. I have never once had to file myself any file he ever borrowed. When he has individual items from files, he racks them all if he racks them back. If he has several items from different files, he has all that go in any one file attached to each other, and all that go in different files are segregated and marked with the identification of those files. It then takes me but a few minutes to return each thing to its proper place so that anyone can thereafter have access to it and the accumulation of stack of unfiled stuff, an annoyance every time I see it, is not increased. (If I haven't been able to file my notes of a trip of six months ago, as you saw, you know the problem.) Now if I ~~never~~ ^{even} had to ask this of Howard, and when he was 17 only, have you not a basis for self-appraisal? Please try it. Others will hold this kind of thing against you very much. In your relations with others, and your professional life in particular, this kind of thing can be very harmful to you in ways you will never know. People will just not say anything, not forgive, hold it against you, and were I a boss, it would weigh in my opinion rather heavily. The longer such dubious habits go uncorrected, the more difficult correction becomes.

With undiminished love,